Warringtons have asked us to a box party."

She wrote that.

"Next Wednesday comes the Stanley cotillion. Have you received your invitation?"

"Haven't seen it," he answered.

"The Stanleys are always unpardonably late, but I helped Elise make out her list. On the following Friday we go to dinner at the Westons'."

She wrote that.

"On the following Saturday I'm to give a box party at the opera—the Moores and Warringtons."

She added that, and looked over the list.

"And I suppose, after going to this trouble, I'll have to remind you all over again on the day of each event."

"Oh, I don't know; but—" He hesitated.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Seems to me we are getting pretty gay, aren't we?"

"Don't talk like an old man!" she scolded. "So far, this has been a very stupid season."

"But—"

"Well?"

"You know, now I'm in business—"

"Please don't remind me of that any more than is necessary," she interrupted.

"Oh, all right; only, I do have to get up in the morning."

"And why remind me of that? It's disagreeable enough having to think of it even occasionally."

"But I do, you know."

"I know it, Don. Honestly I do."

She seated herself on the arm of his chair, with an arm about his neck and her cheek against his hair.

"And I think it quite too bad," she assured him—"which is why I don't like to talk about it."

She sprang to her feet again.

"And now, Don, you must practise with me some of the new steps. You'll get very rusty if you don't."

"I'd rather hear you sing," he ventured.

"This is much more important," she replied.

She placed a Maxixe record on the Victrola that stood by the piano; then she held out her arms to him.

"Poor old hard-working Don!" she laughed as he rose.

It was true that it was as poor old hard-working Don he moved toward her. But there was magic in her lithe young body; there was magic in her warm hand; there was magic in her swimming eyes. As he fell into the rhythm of the music and breathed the incense of her hair, he was whirled into another world—a world of laughter and melody and care-free fairies. But the two most beautiful fairies of all were her two beautiful eyes, which urged him to dance faster and faster, and which left him in the end stooping, with short breaths, above her upturned lips.

To be continued next week

And We Say "There's No Chance Any More"

Continued from page 6

than pictures, so they sold it for junk and borrowed enough money to get a new one. They interior-decorated the place themselves, and when they opened it to the public they advertised "The Electric Theater—Just Like Home!"

Like every successful exhibitor, Hodkinson found difficulty in getting high-grade films. He opened an exchange, and built it into one of the largest in the West. His idea was that the public wanted longer photo plays—four- and five-reel stories instead of one and two.

As Hodkinson prophesied, longer pictures were successful from the start. But the market became so deluged with feature films that prices were slashed to shreds. For a while it looked as if the whole structure would collapse. Exchange men needed a colossal capital to carry on their business, and manufacturers, with each production costing from $20,000 to $50,000, required still more. A two-million-dollar concern with sensational ideas was crashing!

When gloom was deepest, Hodkinson came East with an idea. He called together representative exchange owners from various sections of the country, and held a meeting with the manufacturers of features with whom they dealt. The result of that meeting was the Paramount Pictures Corporation.

Another man who will tell you that opportunity is usually only another name for a good idea, and that success lies in confidence in that idea, is Adolph Zukor. Like Laemmle, Zukor was an immigrant. He came here a lad of fifteen, a native of Hungary. He got a job in a wholesale fur house, packing and unpacking boxes at two dollars a week. Hard work brought advancement, and when Zukor had saved enough he bought a partnership in a Chicago house, and several years later returned to New York to open a fur store there. But the fur business is a business of slow returns. Zukor began to look for an opening where he could turn his small capital quickly.

A cousin ventured in a penny arcade, and persuaded Zukor to look into its possibilities. One of the first things that had surprised him, on landing here, was the way in which people let their pennies go. When he saw the penny-in-the-slot machine, he was immediately struck by its magnetic power in attracting this loose change. He invested in one, and it proved so popular that he called in Marcus Loew, also a fur man; and together, with the additional capital, they opened nine in New York City. Then they branched out into other cities.

But Zukor noticed that they didn't attract women. Patrons had to stand up to look in the penny-in-the-slot machines, and women liked to sit down.

What Does the Public Want?

ONE day, when he was making a business visit, he chanced upon a store moving-picture show in Pittsburgh. It was only fourteen by thirty feet, and it wasn't overfull. But in the audience were several women sitting down!

He rushed back to New York, and worked Loew into a fever of enthusiasm. Together they set out to find whether they could obtain an adequate supply of pictures, and they chanced upon an ingenious invention called "Hale's Touring Cars," an arrangement whereby the audience sat in an imitation railway observation car and looked out of the window at the unfolding scenic splendors thrown on the screen by a projecting machine. The illusion was heightened by the grinding of wheels, the whistling of the train, and colored porters selling gumdrops.

To instal these pictures in their stores more capital was required, and they brought in William A. Brady, who at that time had reaped a small fortune managing prize-fights. The first day, the public came in droves. It seemed as if nothing but a cataclysm could keep the owners from being millionaires. Then something happened. Within a month the patrons had dwindled to a remnant.

"The public never knows what it wants," growled Brady.

"The public does know. We didn't," retorted Zukor. "It wants a story—something to hold its interest and excite its curiosity. Scenery gets stale. If we show them little dramas and comedies, we'll succeed."

Loew was of the same idea.

"You fellows can stick at it if you want!" snapped Brady. "I'm through with cheap amusement."

Without a whimper Zukor and Loew tore out the Touring Cars, put in seats and a curtain, and began to give moving-picture shows. For two years they just broke even. In those days, 1904, pictures were very inferior, and, owing to the limited market, only a few were being produced. To keep the theater open, they had to repeat some pictures as many as five times a month. The neighborhood began to tire of these repetitions.

Zukor pleaded for more pictures. He aroused indifferent manufacturers to the revolutionary possibilities of this new and cheap amusement. Slowly, regular and more frequent releases began to be turned out, and slowly the crowds came back. Zukor conceived the idea of getting well known plays and players for pictures. It was his great idea.

The profession laughed. Two-dollar artists appearing for five cents, walking through parts, without any chance to use their voices!

Twice Zukor went to Daniel Frohman and twice the elder of the Frohmans refused to help him. But Zukor took him to his theaters, showed him the popularity of good pictures, impressed him with the the vastness of the market. Before the month was out Frohman had become an enthusiast, and entered into partnership with him. But even Frohman could not overcome the prejudice of the actors themselves.

Between them, Zukor and Frohman concluded that the only way to break down this prejudice was to have the greatest actress of them all appear before the camera. They persuaded Sarah Bernhardt to play in the silent drama.

The profession no longer laughs at Zukor. His "insane" idea—the idea with which he went out on Broadway and begged—has to an extent revolutionized the method of presenting pictures, and has brought movies to the dignity of the legitimate. To-day he is paying six stars—Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clarke, Hazel Dawn, Marie Doro, Pauline Frederick, and Jack Barrymore—an aggregate yearly salary of $367,000.

While other managers were waiting to see how Zukor's idea turned out, one of the youngest among them, Jesse L. Lasky, saw in it the logical development of moving pictures, and went even further with it than Zukor himself.

Lasky is paying Billy Burke $40,000 for her appearance in one picture, and last summer he wrote a check for considerably more than that amount for the services of Geraldine Farrar, the first of the Metropolitan opera stars to be persuaded into the movies. And Lasky has received too many hard knocks not to be essentially practical in these colossal expenditures.

Each of the leaders in the picture industry will tell you that movies are still in their infancy. Some are so enthusiastic that they are confident that the day of two- and three-dollar pictures has come. But the great mass of producers—the men who have made fortunes—still attribute the success of moving pictures to two fundamental facts: they are an entertainment that women, particularly young women, like; and they can be presented so cheaply that the family purse feels little or no drain.

"How I Made My Flower Garden Pay"

I want some 500-word letters on this subject, accompanied by snap-shot photographs.

There must be hundreds of women in the country who have made their flower gardens yield real money. If you are one of these, tell me about it in 500 words. Fill your letter full of facts: tell how you made your garden; what you planted; and how you sold the flowers.

Have your letter reach me within three weeks: I want it for our Flower Garden Number, and will pay for it if it is interesting enough to print.

THE EDITOR.